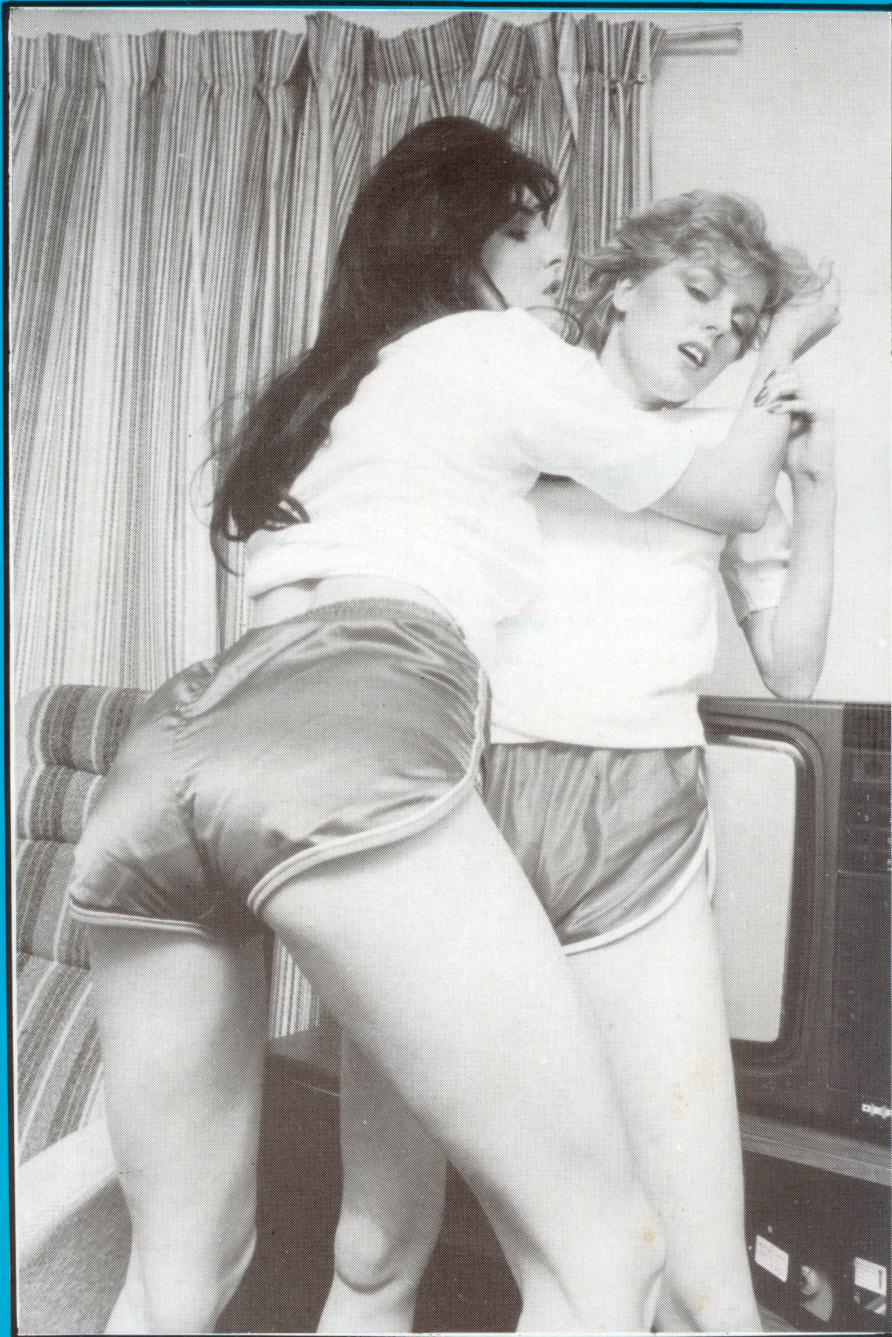


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No. 24



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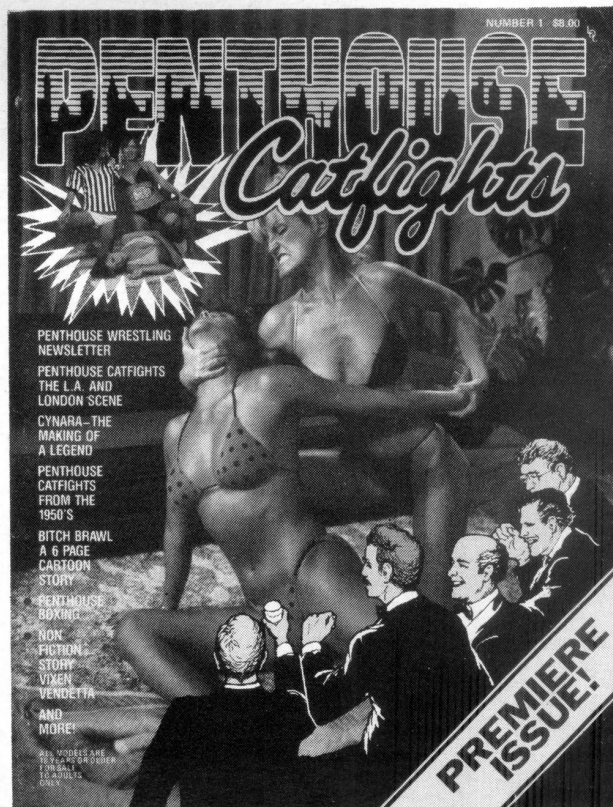
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EDITORIAL

Last month my editorial was confined to informing you of the inevitable price increases in some of the smaller booklet publications, and why this had to be done. I am happy to say I am in a happier mood this time, the main reason being that you continue to send me your completed questionnaires telling me your reading preferences. You will remember I listed five questions for you to answer and I also left space at the foot of the page for you to tell me what special features you would like included in future issues. I quote a few of your suggestions so that other readers can let me know if they too share your wishes.

D.K.R. Herts - Mixed wrestling please, including basic underwear, slips, petticoats etc, and plenty of face-squatting smother.

Mike P of Manchester - More of Fabia, Ana Marie Martinez, Goldie Wells, Angel Blue, Jackie McCann, Lady Satan. I would assume Mike has all our videos in which some of his favourites are starred!

Alan of London - More of female 'sexual' encounters, fighting and organising. Male presence only as spectators, not as participants.

John of Canterbury - Photos and stories of straddling pin-downs, both sexes pinning down with stomach and chest.

W.M.Y. of Canada - More boxing. (Are you reading Amazons in Action W.M.Y. more boxing photos and accounts in that publication).

Nick of Herts - More photos of women defeating men, especially face-squatting on them.

B.J. London. - Plenty of photos and stories of pretty girls grappling in their flats and apartments. Boyfriends could be looking on but not taking part.

Andy. Kent. - I like photos and experiences of ordinary housewives fighting one another, and their husbands trying (unsuccessfully) to break them apart.

Well, there you have a cross section of reader requests. Have you let me have yours yet? It is always a pleasure to hear from you, so if you have not already done so why not drop me a line. The address is Bruce Raynard, c/o Swish Publications, 47 Great Guildford Street, London SE1 OES. And how about some photos, or drawings from you?

Until next month may I wish you all 'Happy Grappling' enjoy your F.G.M.

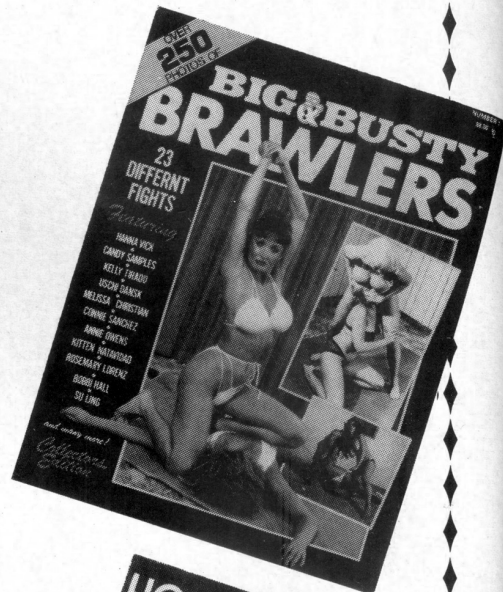
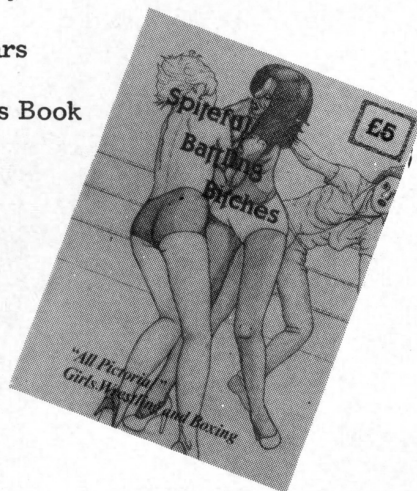
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Valerie Gets Her Own Back

Part 1

At the school sports Valerie and Joan had run in adjacent lanes in the 880 yards race, and although the winner had been adjudged to be Joan, Valerie openly refused to accept the decision, claiming that Joan had taken her ground on the vital turn to the finish.

Despite her protests the result had to stand, and a disgruntled Valerie went off home determined to find a way of getting her own back against Joan.

It wasn't until near the end of term - the two girls' last term at St. Winifred's - that she had an opportunity. The governors had decided to introduce wrestling for the girls in the following term, but some preliminary fixtures had been arranged during the final week of the old term.

"I think it would be useful if some of the girls who are leaving this term set an example and gave the younger girls a foretaste of the sport," the Headmistress told the physical training instructor. Accordingly a list went up in the gym inviting sixth formers to compete.

As soon as Valerie saw that Joan had put her name down she at once added hers. By the end of the week eight girls had volunteered to display their talents at the newly introduced sport and, to Valerie's delight, Joan was drawn against her in the first

round of the competition.

This was to take place on the Saturday afternoon. During the three days before the event Valerie went about walking on air and making it clear to all and sundry that she was looking forward to giving her opponent a rough time.

"I'll certainly beat her," she announced to a group of girls gathered round her in the Common Room, a statement immediately interrupted by a shout of "No chance" from Joan who had heard Valerie's words as she entered the room.

"You lost at running", said the tallish, dark-haired Joan, and you'll lose at wrestling.

"You know very well that you took my ground in the race and that I was the moral victor", replied Valerie, a shorter, fair-haired girl who, at 18, was a year younger than the brunette. "That's why I'm determined to put you in your place once and for all".

"If there's one thing I can't stand", retorted Joan, "that's a bad loser. She's just bitching me because she lost, and you all know it. But just in case any of you have any doubts about my superiority in sport - you might say in everything else for that matter - I'll settle it on Saturday".

"Some hope", said Valerie. "Why, I'll humiliate you!"

There were one or two similar verbal confrontations between the Wednesday and the Saturday, by which time the whole school had become aware of the intense hostility that had developed between the two girls. What had once seemed to most of them a rather boring sort of sport, especially as they had to come back on the Saturday to watch it, now became the centre of their interest and the most talked-about event in the school's recent history.

Joan was, meanwhile, doing her routine exercises and taking a run every morning, as much as three miles on the Thursday and Friday. She caused something of a sensation on the latter day when she went running in the costume she proposed to wear for the wrestling: nothing but a black bra, tight fitting black shorts, and a new pair of black and white trainers. The village where she lived was used to girls running in track suits but never before had one ventured forth in such skimpy underwear, and numerous comments were exchanged as the well-built girl flew past people in the main street, her long, dark hair flowing behind her, her beautiful, slender thighs and legs glistening in the morning sun.

Valerie confined herself to her home where her parents owned a small paddock that gave her opportunities to exercise in relative privacy.

She, too, had adopted a bra and shorts combination as had Joan, the only difference being that both her underwear and her trainers were purple in colour - a colour contrasting attractively with the girls' blonde hair and brown eyes.

Immediately the girls entered the "ring" - the middle ground of the gymnasium floor marked in chalk - a loud cheer went up from the assembled girls and teachers. And, as if in response, the two girls grappled with each other at once, wasting no time to come to grips. Within seconds Joan had secured a wrist lock, then tripped her opponent to the floor. It appeared at once that Joan had some knowledge of the sport for she was able to make Valerie writhe and squirm almost as if she were a professional. But Valerie wasn't as easily put out as that for, despite the awkward situation she had so unexpectedly found herself in within seconds of the beginning of the fight, she was able in the end to grab hold of Joan's ankle and, forcing her to lose her balance, she got her arm loose.

During these first two minutes the girls had alternately cheered and gone silent. When the two girls got to their feet, there was more cheering but this time it was more restrained. Already the girls were beginning to appreciate some of the skills that the opponents were displaying in the "ring".

No one had been appointed official referee but the physical instruction teacher was standing by, carefully watching the two girls. She had given them a short talk before the fight, setting out the do's and don'ts, as well as the allowed and not allowed. She had told them that she would give them a break after about three minutes, and that altogether

they would have nine minutes to settle matters.

The two girls circled each other for a few moments before Joan drove Valerie to the edge of the "ring" where she managed to trip her and then fell on top of her, almost succeeding in pinning her. But Valerie managed to squirm loose. They then confronted each other on their feet, until Joan, taking advantage of her height and perhaps a momentary lapse of concentration on Valerie's part, got the latter into a bear hug, and almost squeezed the life out of her. It was at this point that Valerie agreed to submit.



An interval was taken and when the fight resumed almost everyone in the gym expected Joan to get her opponent into a second submission, or a pin within a matter of seconds. It struck them all - from what they had seen so far - that Valerie wasn't much of a match for her dark-haired opponent.

But it wasn't going to be as easy as that for after a few moments of sparring Valerie managed to trip Joan and within a flash she was on top of her doing her best to achieve a shoulder press.



It was the first time that Valerie had ever been in what can only be described as a dominating situation vis-a-vis Joan. Her thoughts went back to the way Joan had taken her ground in the 880 yards and she was tempted herself to break the rules and, straddling her opponent, take advantage of her superior, perhaps resorting to a forearm smash or even a punch in the breasts. Luckily she resisted

such temptations and exerted every effort to pin back Joan's shoulders.

When she finally succeeded and the physical training instructress signalled her success, there was a burst of cheering from her friends in the gym.

Having won a "round" each, the girls now appeared to have an equal chance, though those who had watched the fight carefully could see that as far as technique was concerned it was obvious that Joan had a built-in advantage. Not only that, she was perhaps two inches taller, and a little heavier.

When the fight resumed it wasn't long before the girls were battling out fiercely, and in quick succession Joan had an arm-lock on her opponent, a thigh scissors on her head, and finally a near pin on an almost prostrate Valerie. But somehow Valerie survived and held off her determined opponent until the end of the round.

Both girls might have been willing to continue the fight into a fourth "round" but as the other quarter finals had to be decided that day, it was finally proposed that Valerie and Joan should have a replay on the Monday.

Over the weekend Joan kept asking herself why it was that she hadn't managed to win against her obviously less experienced opponent.

"I really want to give her the hiding of her life", she told a boyfriend she met on the Sunday afternoon.

"You have it in for her, don't you", said the boyfriend, who was called Leo.

"Wouldn't you if you had been accused of cheating?" asked Joan.

"I suppose so," agreed Leo. "Then you had better make sure that you pull it



off on Monday. I'd better give you a lesson or two, don't you think?"

"Not a bad idea, but it's a bit late now, isn't it?"

"I don't see why. You could come back to my place. My parents are away and we could have a tussle in the garden, it's not overlooked at all".

Joan hesitated. She had never wrestled with a man and she wasn't sure that it was a good idea. She knew that Leo fancied her and that once he got her on the grass - semi-naked - he might find himself unable to content himself with the rules of wrestling. He might well have other ideas and want to put them into practice. Moreover his parents were away....

The arguments were strongly against his proposal, but, on the other hand, there was no doubt that a fight with a young man like Leo would

teach her something that could make all the difference the following day when she resumed her battle with Valerie. It was this thought that really settled the matter, despite her reservations.

"Alright then," said Joan. "Lets do that".

Leo could not hide his enthusiasm, and he drove back to his parents house at many miles an hour above the speed limit. He couldn't believe his good fortune: that he would actually be wrestling with the girl he had been chasing more or less without success for more than a year. His mind was fixed on the thought that within minutes he would be grappling with - holding in his arms - a girl who would probably be wearing next to nothing....

When they reached the house, Leo showed Joan the garden and satisfied her that there was no possibility of anyone

seeing them. Then he invited her to get ready - as he put it - in his parents bedroom.

When Joan started undressing she began to think she had made a mistake in agreeing to Leo's suggestion. It only really struck her then that she would be in the closest physical contact with a man while she was wearing nothing more than a bra and panties. There seemed to be no alternative - for it was obvious that she couldn't wrestle in her clothes, nor could she really keep on her skirt or slip.

There wasn't any way out, however, and, after all, defeating Valerie was more important than anything else.

A few minutes later she emerged from the bedroom in a white bra and matching knickers. As she had been wearing high heel shoes she was barefoot.

Leo could hardly believe his good fortune when he saw

her come downstairs. He could see that she had an even better figure than he had imagined, and the idea of holding her in his arms now began to excite him so much that he had to take control of himself or he would have given himself away; already the tingling excitement he felt in his loins had communicated itself to his genital area.

They stood in the middle of the lawn and reached out towards each other, Joan managing to get a wrist grip on Leo within a few seconds. But she could not hold it and moments later Leo grabbed her waist and, putting a foot behind her, tripped her to the grass where she went sprawling. In a second, he was sprawling with her, doing everything he could to get her onto her back. Unexpectedly he found the task much more difficult than he had imagined, and it wasn't until he put everything he knew into it that he finally achieved his objective - Joan on her back, and he sprawling at right angles over her waist, struggling to straddle her.



But Joan, calling on her resources of strength and willpower, did not let him get away with it so easily. For one thing, she was, in a sense, fitter than he was for the exercises she had recently undertaken, plus the fight with Valerie, had got her into much better physical condition than Leo, who wasn't particularly athletic and since he had begun to work in a lawyer's office had taken little or no exercise. On top of that, Joan had learnt a great deal from the short battle with Valerie, and now quickly put some of the things she had learnt into practice. Lying on her back, she still managed

to use her left arm to keep Leo from gaining his objective, and in the end she got her left leg over his as, at the same time, she half turned towards him.

Even though Leo had not managed to straddle the brunette he was not displeased with the position he suddenly found himself in. He had moved from being at right angles to her to being at her side, one of his legs between hers, pressing into the soft warmth of her crotch as Joan continued to struggle to right herself.

By this time Leo was content to keep the position he had found himself in - almost by chance - while Joan continued to wriggle in an attempt to get over onto her side. But she could not quite manage it for, whatever his condition, Leo had the superior strength of a man, and was now able to force Joan's left arm back on the grass, moving more and more on top of her as he did so.

And then, very gradually, he worked himself between both her legs, finally being in a position to force her raised left leg back on the grass, finding himself by this time in what was virtually the missionary position.

Joan suddenly became aware that Leo was happy to lie on her in that way, not really making an effort to force her other arm back on the grass, still less to attempt to get a shoulder press. He looked down into her face, his eyes gleaming with desire, as she looked up at him, her features flushed from her struggles. Then Leo, his penis hard within his shorts, moved completely on top of her and brought his face down to hers, forcing his lips onto her mouth.

"That's enough", the girl managed to spit out, despite the pressure of Leo's mouth

on hers, "that's enough, leave off!"

Leo half raised himself, reluctant to let her go, but realising that if he pressed her against her will he would lose her altogether.

"Alright", he murmured. "I'm sorry, but in that position you were quite irresistible."

"Well, don't do it again, that's all, or we'll forget the wrestling".

He let her get to her feet - relieved, at least, that she hadn't simply walked out on him. If they went on wrestling, he would have the pleasure of having her body in his arms some of the time.

They grappled again and this time Joan succeeded where Leo had failed; having thrown him to the grass she managed to leap on top of him and Leo suddenly found himself straddled by her, his shoulders pressed back to the grass by her stockinged knees. There was no question that he would have to submit, but he would wait, he thought, until she demanded it, for meanwhile lying on his back underneath her lovely body was almost as exciting as being on top of her in the missionary position.



"That's it", said Joan, gleefully looking into his eyes, "you're beaten and you should submit".

"Yes, I'm afraid I have to admit defeat", said Leo ruefully as Joan got to her feet.

"Well, if I can do that to you, I feel pretty certain I shall have no difficulty in beating that bitch Valerie", said Joan with an air of finality.

Valerie, meanwhile, reflecting on the three rounds she had fought with Joan, came to the conclusion that had

she seized one or two opportunities more quickly she would probably have won. In her mind she went over the kinds of situations that could arise and the kind of grips, presses or scissors she might aim at forcing on the brunette.

She also did some regular exercises and by the Monday was feeling fitter than she had done for some weeks.

The school term had technically finished but a number of girls came to watch Joan and Valerie battle it out. Whatever the ultimate outcome of the competition, the fight between these two girls was the one that excited the most interest and attention for the girl's mutual hostility was well known throughout the school and both girls had their supporters.

Valerie walked into the chalk-marked "ring" first. She looked splendid in her scanty black bra and panties,

panties replacing the shorts she had previously worn. Her long fair hair reached to her waist, fanning out like swings at a fun fair whenever she swivelled round. But despite her appeal, she did not make quite the impression that Joan made when she walked in wearing a white, lace-edged outfit, the bra being without shoulder straps, simply sustained by the girls luscious breasts.

When the "start" was signalled it was Valerie who made the first move, quickly getting her opponent to the floor and then, in a magical move, pulling her between her legs, Joan's head against Valerie's neck. Then Valerie crossed her legs and with her arms holding Joan in a tight breast squeeze, she held her opponent in a vice like grip.

It was of course doubtful whether, in that position, she could achieve her objective. Her one hope was to squeeze

her opponent so tightly with both her arms and legs that she would get a submission. In an attempt to achieve this she crossed her legs even more tightly than before, while with her right arms in front of Joan's neck she gradually forced the latter's head back. This was something she hadn't thought about beforehand, but now found that it was having a devastating effect on Joan who, by this time, was half choking.

And then, suddenly, when it almost seemed that Valerie had got the submission she wanted, Joan, with one tremendous effort freed herself from Valerie's arms and, in the same move, squirmed round to face her opponent and force her onto her back. In the same way that she had beaten Leo, she at once moved forward and forced Valerie's shoulders back with her knees.

The next "round" didn't



have a lot to offer to the onlookers though both girls felt that they fought it well, even if without success. So it was left to the final "round" for Joan to clinch her victory or for Valerie to level and save her face.

However, it wasn't to be Valerie's day for within a few seconds she found herself on her back again with Joan straddling her. The latter, determined to humiliate her opponent as completely as possible, now moved forward, and, not content to pin her shoulders with her knees, leaned right over until she was pressing the crotch of her knickers against Valerie's nose and mouth.

Valerie had no alternative but to submit.

The victory rankled in Valerie's mind. Unfortunately, she could now see little or no possibility of getting her revenge in some way. The two

girls had both left St. Winifred's and would be unlikely to come across each other in the normal run of events.

But just when Valerie was beginning to forget her deep resentment against Joan, she suddenly found herself face to face with her.

She had applied for a job as temporary secretary and on reaching the office to start work there one autumn Monday morning she found that it was Joan who was in charge of the typing pool!

"Good morning, Miss Evanston," said Joan, advancing on her old enemy, "I hope that you'll come up to expectations here. When I heard that you had been engaged I had felt forced to tell the head of the department that I didn't think you would be sufficiently qualified. However, we shall see". And with those words she turned her back on her.

Taken aback and surprised beyond measure by the presence of Joan as the supervisor, poor Valerie almost burst into tears. But pulling herself together she swore under her breath to find some way of getting even with the brunette who so far had always stood in her way and humiliated her.

After all, she thought, I should consider this a lucky break; now I must really find a way of getting my revenge.

TO BE CONTINUED.....



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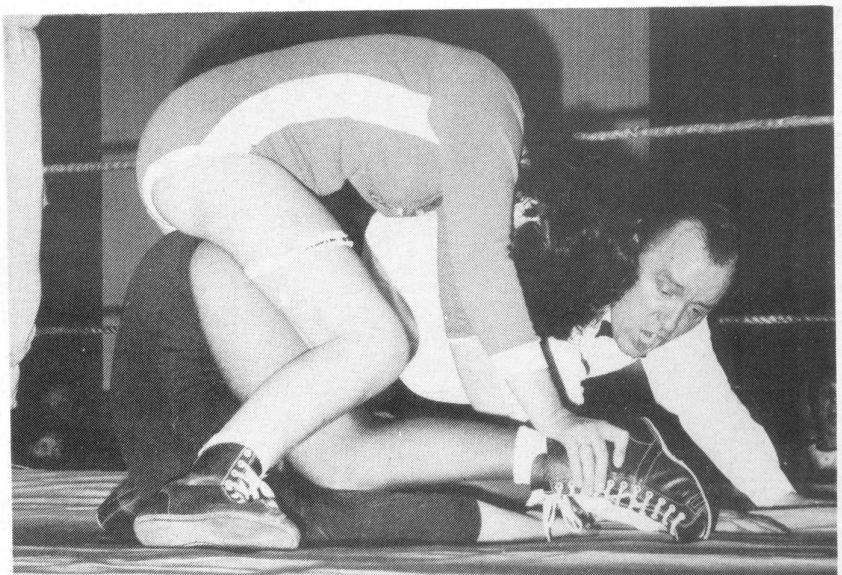
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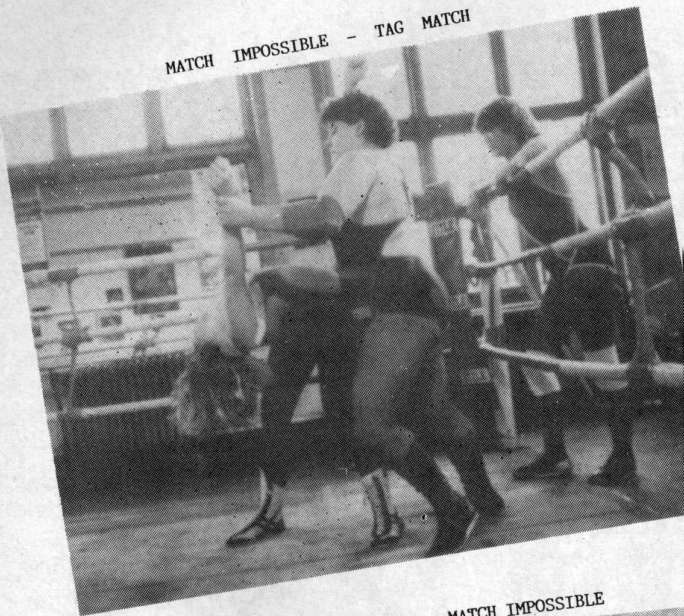
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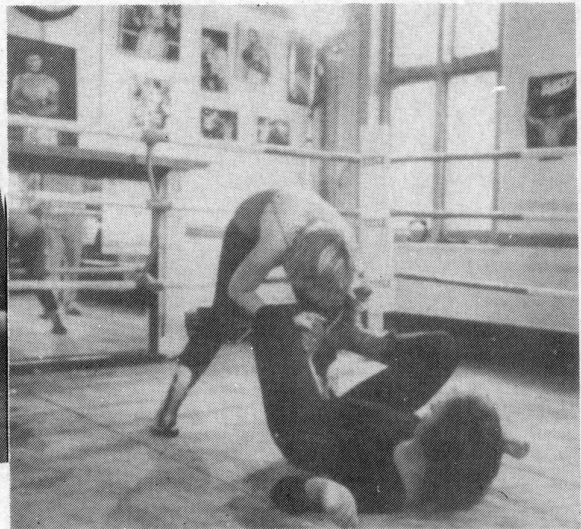
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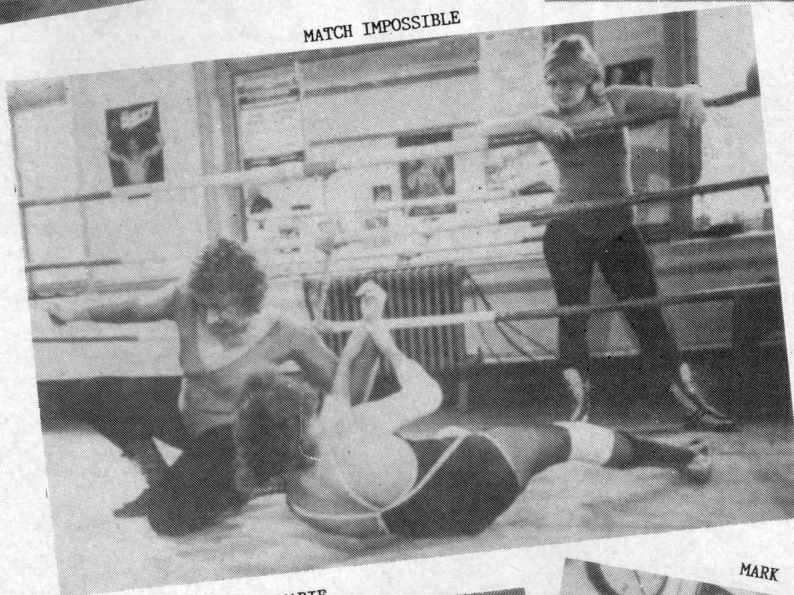
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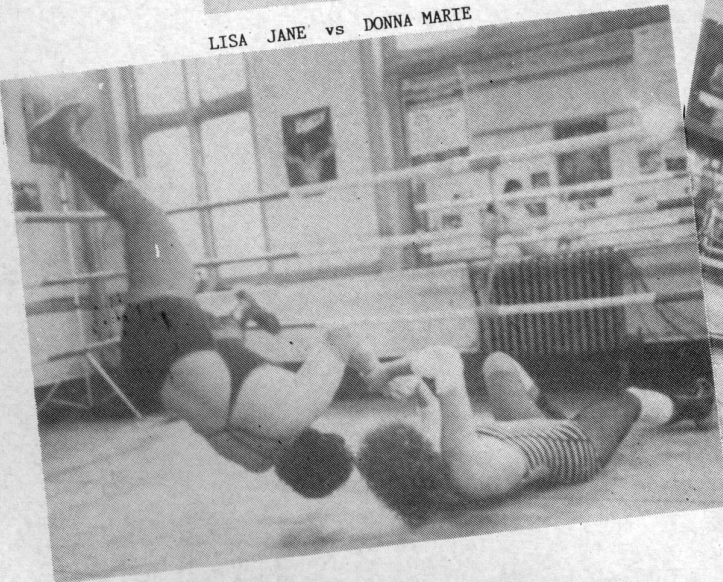
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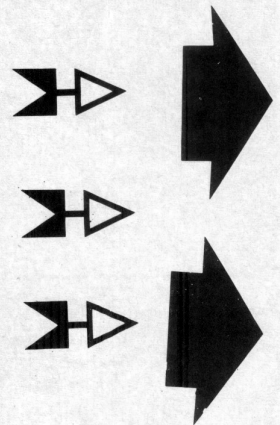
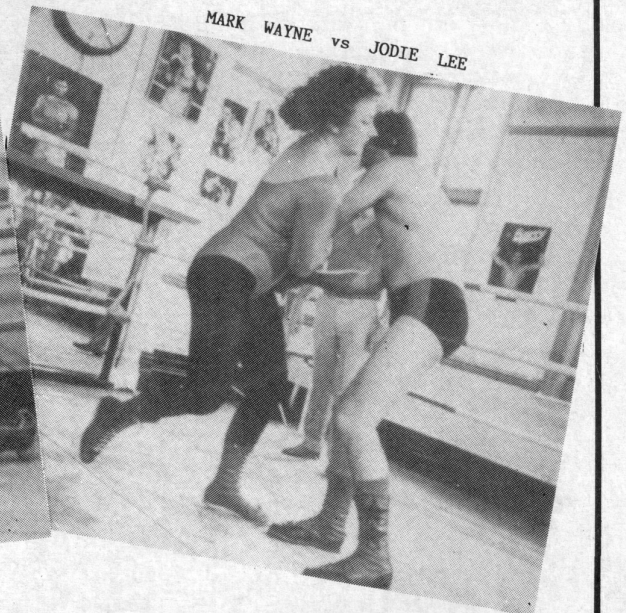
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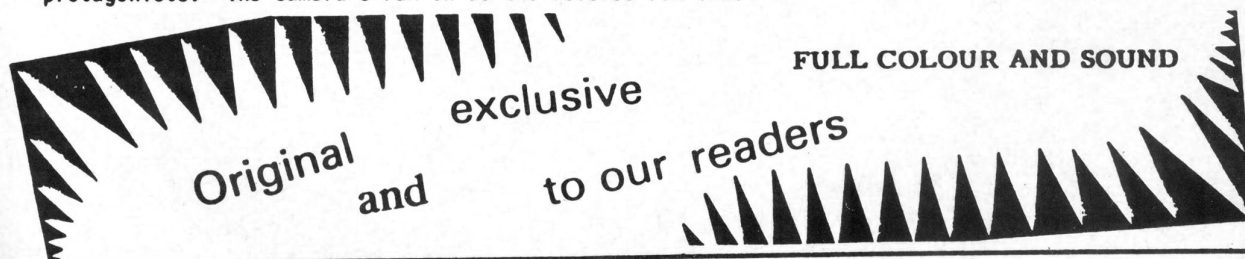
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A ladies tag match the audience were promised, well we let them down for there were NO ladies in this tag match. Female? Yes! Ladies? No! With two public warnings issued out to these purveyors of mayhem and a referee whose authority became rapidly eroded by female guile and duplicity no man, no mere mortal of masculine gender could contain four self-willed and powerful protagonists. The camera's ran on as the referee ran out!



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Action Promotions

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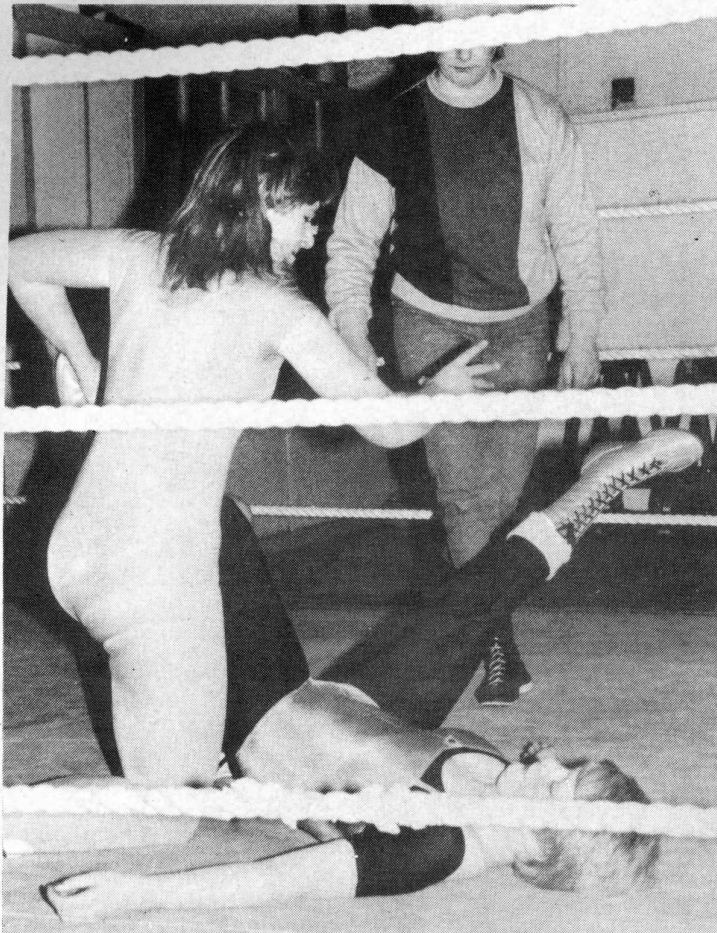
Gorgeous KELLY SHANNON the Fans Favourite, easy to see why



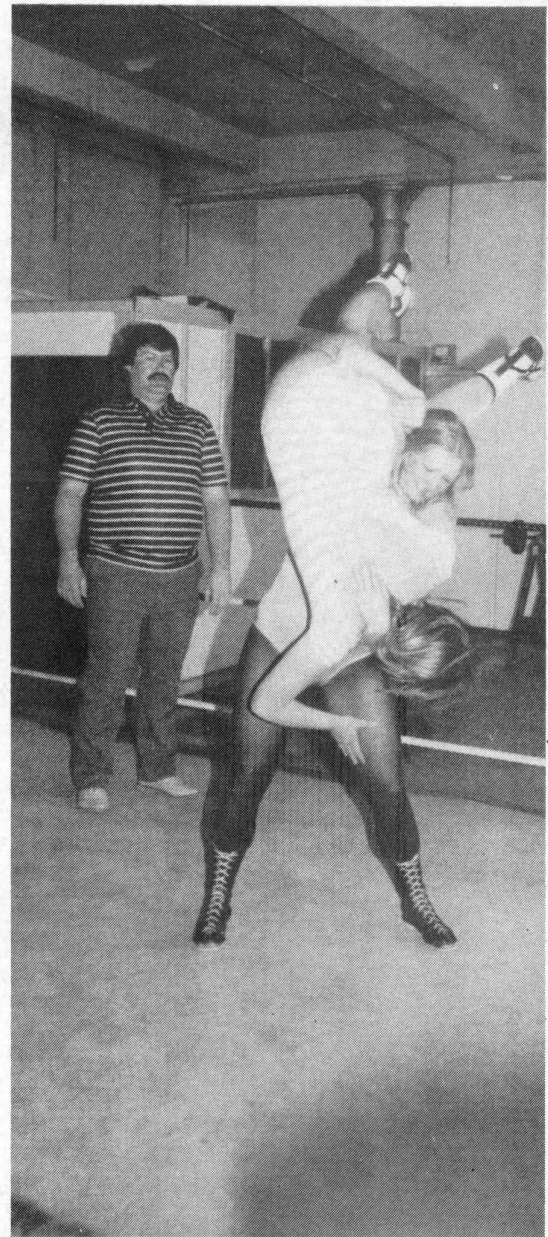
Kelly punishes Jodie Lee by applying maximum pressure with her lovely legs.



Kelly goes on to Victory, trapping Lee with this clever Pin.



← Miss Shannon has Goldie Wells at a disadvantage.



↗ The 'Transvaal Wildcat' retaliates by slamming Kelly to the Mat.



↖ With a mighty heave Kelly throws Terri Kruger across the ring.

NEW 'topless oil wrestling bonanza' NEW



RARE FLAIR VIDEOS ARE IN A CLASS OF THEIR OWN AND this video establishes this supremacy even further. FOR THIS IS a video without equal in the FUN-FROLICKING! GIRL GRAPPLIN'! HOT 'N' STEAMY TOPLESS OIL WRESTLING EXTRAVAGANZA! NO OTHER U.K. VIDEO PRODUCER MATCHES RARE FLAIR FOR delivering the goods! Even the U.S.OF A. has bought up the RARE FLAIR SPRING COLLECTION recorded at the Townsteeples live event of FEMALE COMBAT.

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RARE FLAIR have called this video the "TOPLESS OIL WRESTLING BONANZA" because the B.B.F.C.require a title for their records (as well as £350 for the CERTIFICATION) but the RARE FLAIR producers ran out of adjectives to describe the ACTION in this VIDEO, the only solution if for YOU to VIEW IT!!!

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MAKING

OUR



BOYFRIEND SUFFER



NEW NEW NEW

'super' sandy scott

VS

the black widow

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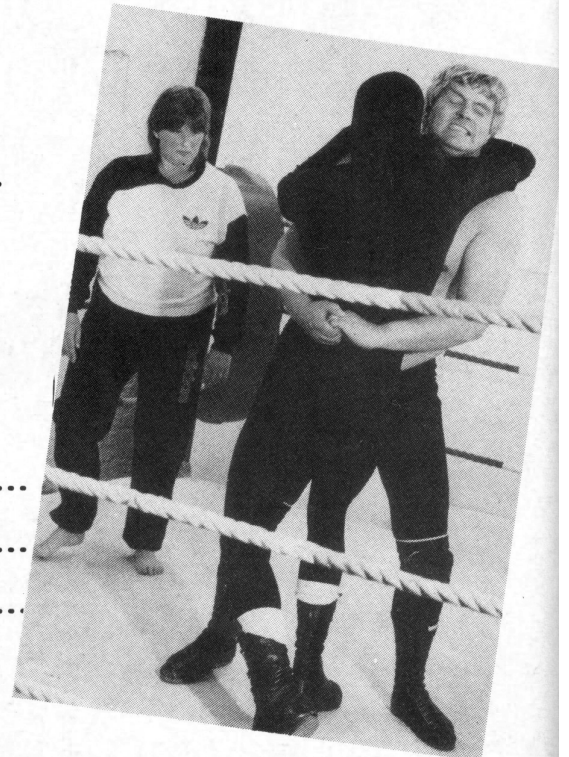
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MOBBING NOT ALLOWED
PART ONE by D.P.



Roy and Diana were spectators to the qualification match for the world championship belt. It was due largely to Diana's work that these two girls were there. But they really deserved it. Jorunn, the Norwegian girl, was the European champion. She had taken the belt from Sandra, Diana's black partner, and defended it against her and other challengers. It was a surprise because she had no extraordinary technical skill. But in spite of Sandra's strength and toughness, the black girl hadn't been able to prevent Jorunn from wearing her down in both fights. She simply used her long, strong muscles and her energy. She had a very healthy appearance, tall, blonde and with a sound tan and was 1 76cm and 69kg. Diana and Jorunn had developed a mutual respect and friendship in spite of Diana's partnership with Sandra.

Diana had met the Samoan girl Maeva, for the first time in Japan. She was very impressed with the brown Polynesian girl with her long, black hair. She was 1 75cm, 82kg and was in all parts a number bigger than Diana. Although she did not have Diana's curvaceous muscularity, her body was strong and beautiful. Her arms as well as her thighs and calves were massive. Diana had been shocked to hear that Maeva was going to be one of her opponents in Japan and Maeva won after a long, hard and fine power struggle. As well as pleasing the crowd, Maeva found Diana strong enough to make a campaign with her on the Pacific Islands. They had many hard matches and Maeva was a little better in all but one. It was the main event at a big festival on Maeva's

home island, Samoa, in which Diana forced Maeva to submission after a tough and tremendous power struggle. Diana became very popular after that - and was even adopted by Maeva's parents as their daughter. She had managed to defeat Maeva, who was highly admired, in a match which followed the Samoan rules, in a tough and right way.

Jorunn and Maeva had made some matches in America - both undefeated. Who was going to win? The tall, blonde, healthy, athletic Scandinavian girl or the brown Samoan girl with her heavier muscularity? Diana and Roy liked them both - might the best and strongest win to later defeat the champ.

It was amazing to see how the long, strong muscles in Jorunn's nicely tanned body flexed when she plagued Maeva with her arms and legs. Maeva, in her turn, tried to get Jorunn closer, hitting her with arms, lower arms and calves. She managed to reach her enough to squeeze her and after a long struggle she could, with sheer strength, lift her up. She then threw Jorunn down and came over her, controlling her with her massive brown legs. Jorunn twisted her athletic upper body and Maeva couldn't control her arms. Their hands reached each other's faces. Now the sporty blonde had to pay her tribute to the size and power of the Polynesian girl. Jorunn's body shook convulsively when the wrestling world's probably strongest arms and hands used full power to press her face. It was enough.

Jorunn wasn't sad after the loss.

"I can still make matches here or go back to another sport" she said. "Maeva is the one to take the title from Laura the Champ, or you Diana!"

Some time before the title

match Maeva and Diana had a training camp together. Diana taught Maeva some tricks which would be useful against the experienced Champ, and Maeva also taught Diana a few things. Diana liked Maeva and Roy also admired Maeva, both as a person and bodywise. Roy and Diana thrust each other in all ways, but Diana liked to show him that she was second to none. Her bulging arm muscles and her swelling thighs and calves showed that she was in trim.

"Today we are going to fight it out for twenty minutes, the way you can expect from Laura" Diana said to Maeva. "Roy will stay to see that it keeps within some limits!"

After the fight both girls were finished - with Maeva lying on the floor.

"You always take me in tough fights!" said Maeva.

"Oh, you've beaten me more often. But this is the way you will have to fight Laura and she is meaner than that!" said Diana.

"But not as strong as you, even Jorunn didn't have your strength!" said Maeva.

Diana was satisfied. To hear Maeva talk about her strength stimulated both her and Roy for a long time.

A title match is something special, but the outcome was often given in advance. Laura was always called the Champ and she really was. She was not so big - 1 68cm and 68kg, but she knew all the grips and had the experience to go just beyond the rules and not be disqualified and yet could finish her opponent. You could see in her face that she was near to 50 but her body was hard and muscular. She promised to cut Maeva's long, beautiful hair short after her victory, and this of course frightened the Samoan girl.

For the first time her odds to win were not higher than 60 to 40. The powerful Maeva - now mostly called Strong Maeva - was younger and stronger than Laura, but Laura was more skilled and experienced.

Laura ran right away on Maeva, kicked her in the stomach and elbow smashed her. Maeva answered by knocking Laura on the cheek so heavily that she bounced against the ropes. Maeva's foot shot out but missed and Laura made her lose her balance. Laura could take a full Nelson on Maeva and

showed her strength, turning Maeva round. She smashed first her knee, then her hand into Maeva's face, which drew blood. To make it even worse, she karate-chopped Maeva in the throat. In pain, Maeva smashed both her feet on Laura, who was thrown against the ropes. When she bounced back, Maeva's brown hammer legs hit her with tremendous force. It was enough to floor even the Champ. Maeva threw herself on Laura and with one hand on her face and the other on her thigh, bent the Champ's body backwards

with her enormous arm power. the Champ had never been treated like that before. When Maeva had given Laura enough she lifted her up and threw her with her knee to the ground. The Champ was thoroughly beaten by the younger, bigger and stronger girl. The spectators applauded the new Champ loudly, admiring her brown, heavy legs and massive arms with their double biceps. The small Pacific island kingdom had got its World Champion and her name was never to be forgotten.

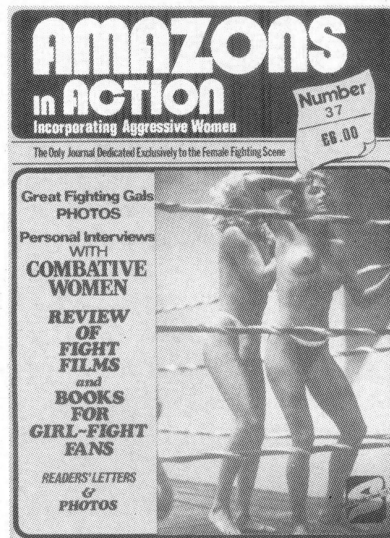
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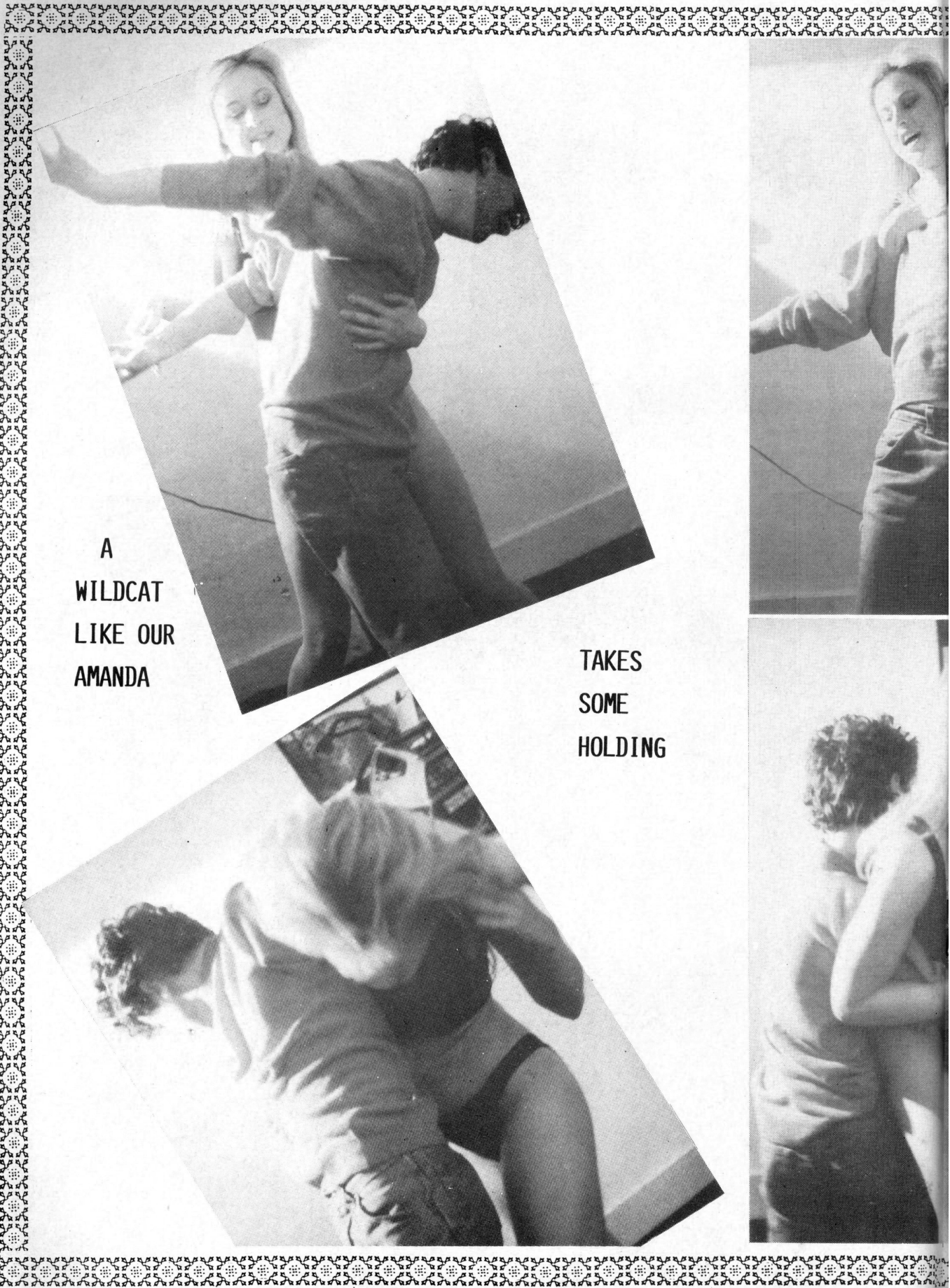
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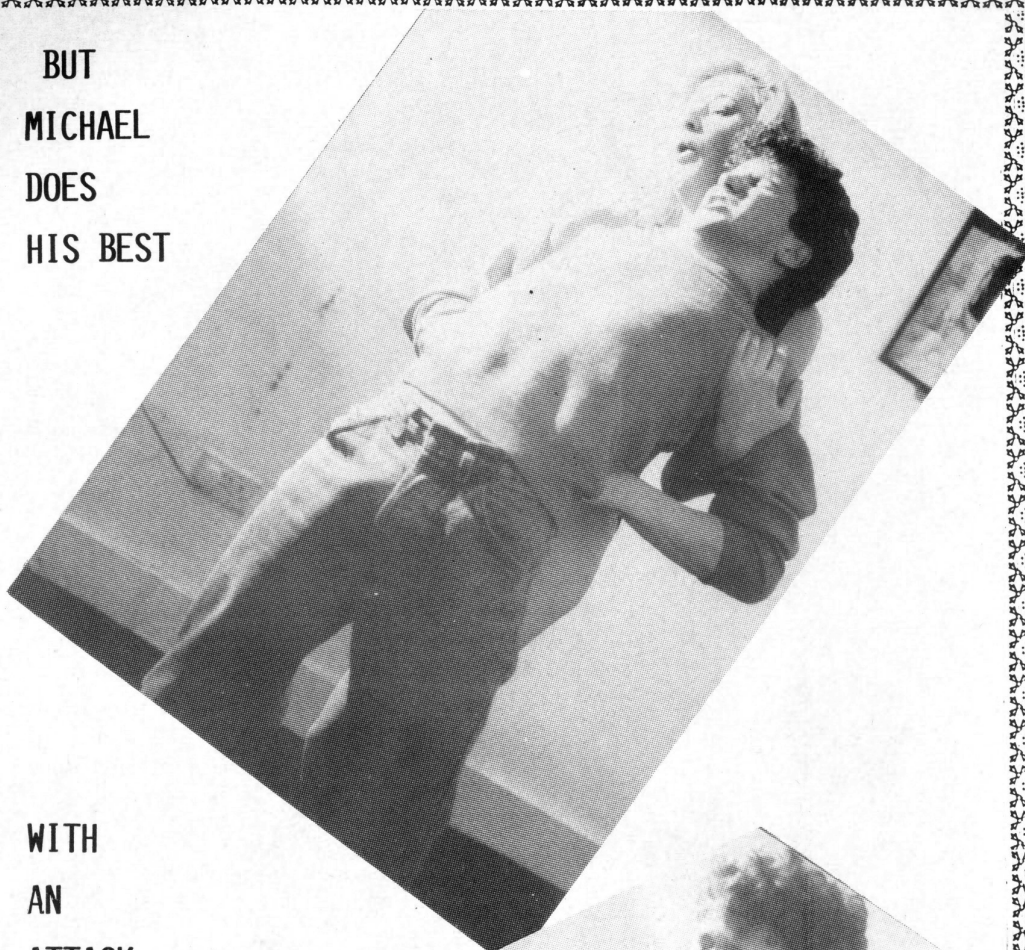
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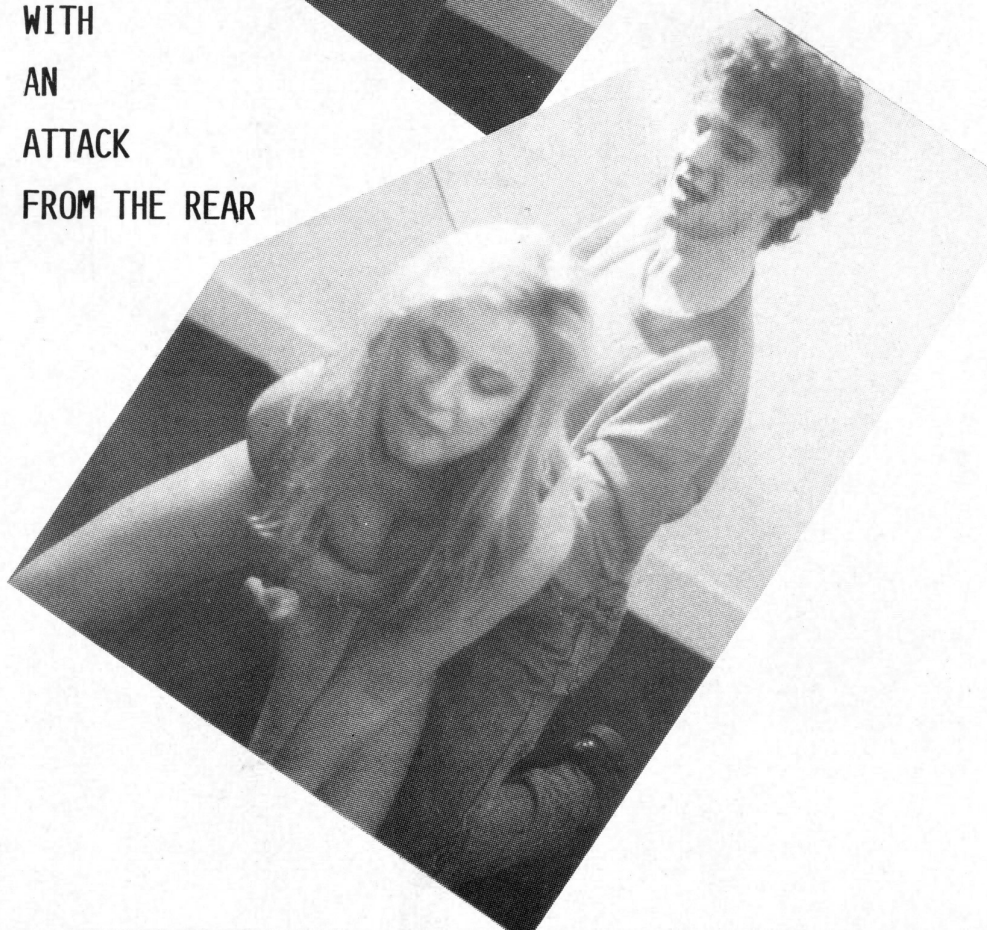
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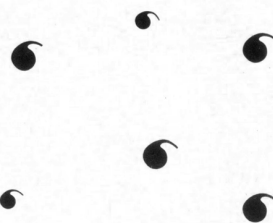
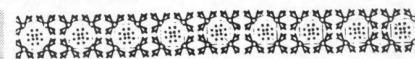
TAKES
SOME
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BUT
MICHAEL
DOES
HIS BEST

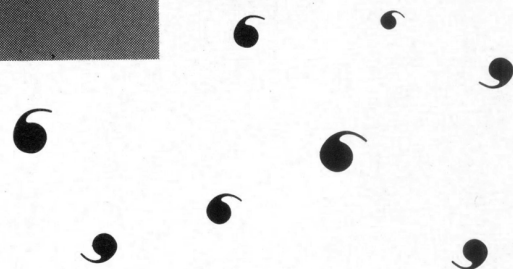


WITH
AN
ATTACK
FROM THE REAR





SHE KNOWS THE
'VITAL' SPOT
AND



MICHAEL WILL PAY THE PENALTY



KEEPING THE SCORE

Dear Bruce,

I know some readers keep lists of girl fights in films. I have notes of nearly 300 fights on TV, films and videos, and have just done some statistical research.

69 of the fights were between two brunettes, 34 between blondes, and 5 between redheads. Of the scraps between brunettes and redheads the score is 13 each, whilst redheads beat blondes 6 to 4 in their ten encounters. Interest is often greatest in blonde v brunette battles, and here the brunettes have 59 wins to the blondes 65.

I just added ten entries from one video! A film called "Vendetta", in which Karen Chase plays a blonde stuntgirl who gets into prison to avenge the murder of her kid sister. She sets out to eliminate the guilty. Along the way she beats a mean-looking blonde, a cute Chinese girl, a leggy fair haired girl in swimming trunks, and the big ugly gang leader.

In addition there is a gym scene in which two other girls wrestle, until a big blonde starts on the heroine. This brings the organised match to an end. Karen gets in no less than eleven karate kicks on the tall blonde before she takes a blow; but then she is folded up on a painful nelson and scissors and nearly has to give in.

Later, a general brawl breaks out. The ugly gal downs a tough tall negress and a brunette. Watch out for two leggy girls fighting in the background - a Latin mate of the negress in jeans against a blonde mate of the ugly one (herself very watchable) in a grey jump suit. The dark girl is on top as they wrestle on a raised dias; they continue when the alarm goes and prisoners

start to run for cover.

Again the dark girl drags the blonde down, but when we return seconds later she has been rolled over and the blonde is tugging off the dark girl's top. The half naked Latin is flat on her back, and the blonde karate chops her into unconsciousness, leaving her lying there as she makes her escape.

FGM ends with an item called "Well Mastered", and as I turned the page I thought it was YET ANOTHER mixed match. I'm glad I persevered. What a great account by an anonymous lady of her fight with the blonde braggard, Helen, in which Helen proved her superiority. And of the teenage hellcat who badmouthed our heroine at a party, leading to two fights - with the teenager humbling Miss X in both! Has this brave broad any more to tell? Or have any other ladies written to tell of the superior hussies who have got the better of them?

Yours,

MIKE

P.S. Fighting Hellcats 6, which you advertise, includes on the letters page a piece by a 27 year old stepmum. Her 18 year old charge resented the new beauty in Dad's life, and after several wars of words they got to rolling around the floor. This girl is now in an awkward position, as her stepdaughter got her down, subdued her, and for good measure stripped and spanked her.



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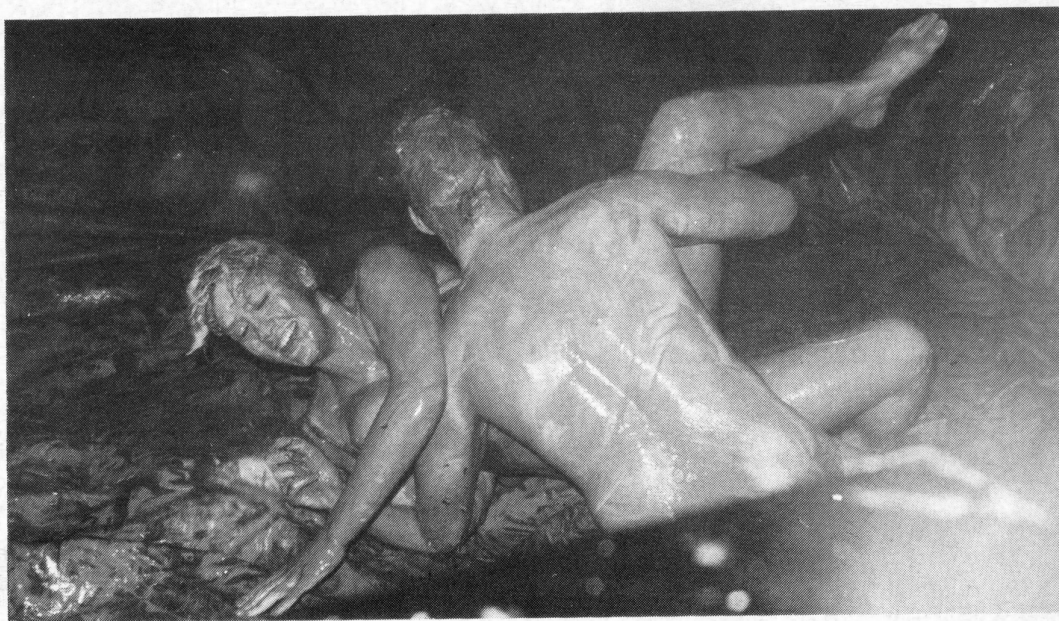
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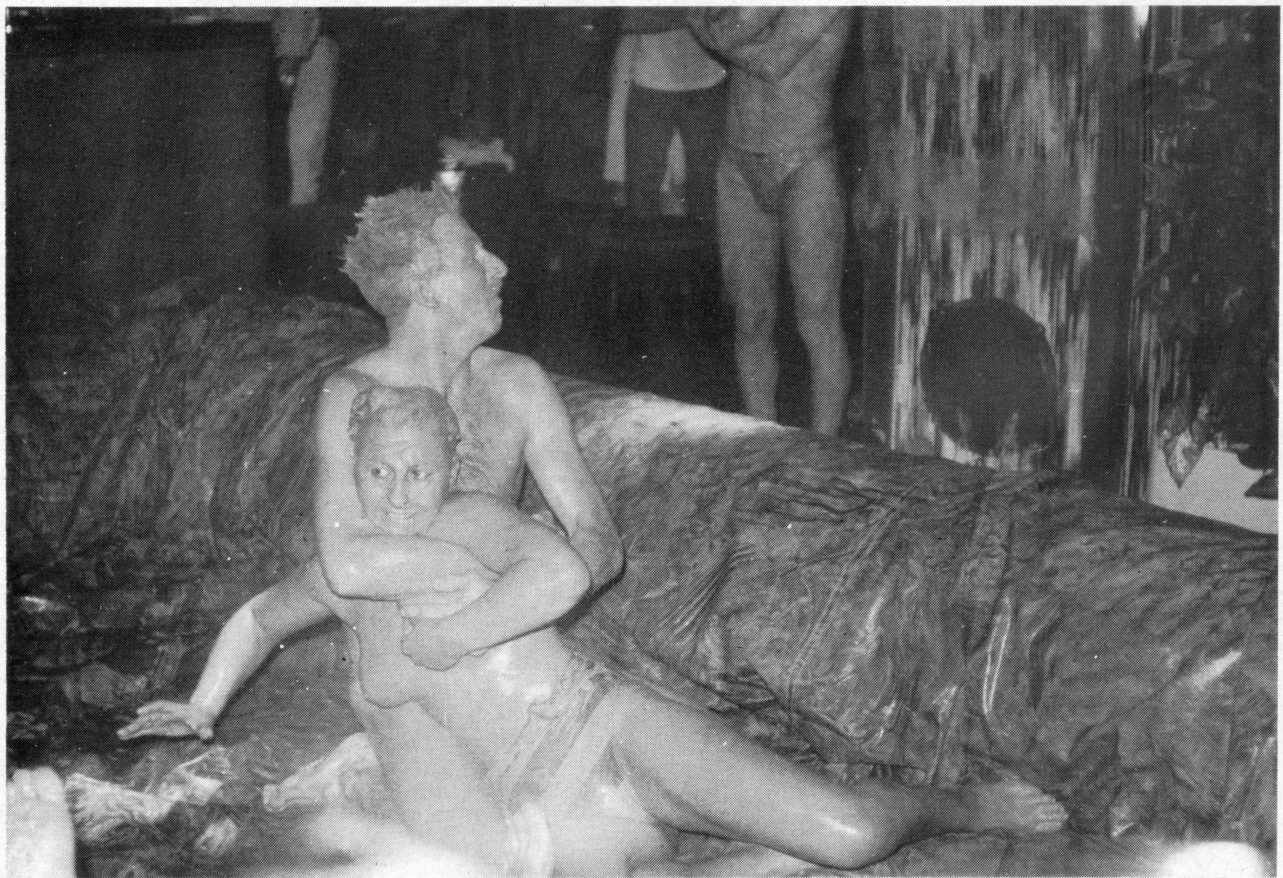
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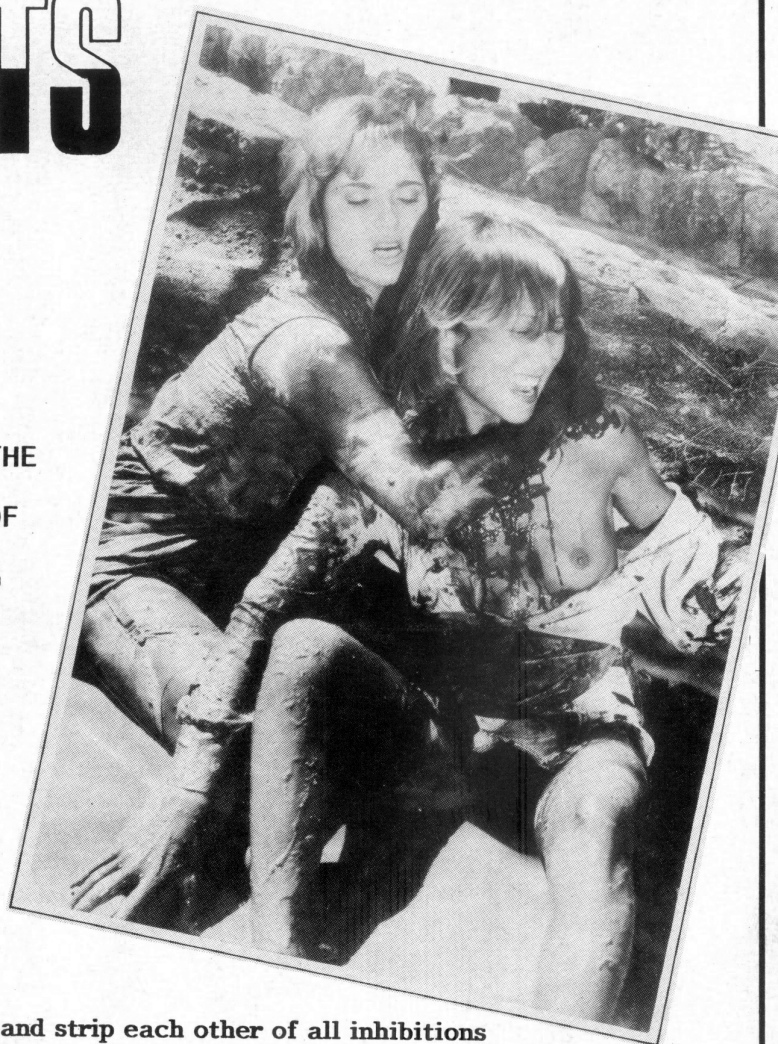




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The Daughter-in-Laws Fight

Part 2

(Gerald Simpson, living in the same house as his mother, Rita, soon finds that an impossible situation is developing between his wife, Sonia, and her mother-in-law. Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law start to fight, the former getting the upper hand).

Sonia lay on her back on the floor of the lounge with her mother-in-law sitting astride her, and triumphantly claiming that in future she would call the tune in the house.

"From now on, Sonia", said Rita, "you will do as you are told while you are under our roof. I want you to understand that clearly". As she spoke she edged forward until her thighs enveloped Sonia's head.

It was a very humiliating situation for Sonia and she felt ashamed of herself that it had come about through her own lapse. She had had the older woman in an arm-lock but relaxing for a moment the pressure on her arm she had allowed her to free herself. She had then taken Sonia completely by surprise, kicked her with her naked foot, brought her to the floor, and then straddled her.

It was a hopeless situation. Only the previous evening she had managed to put her young husband in his place and she had made up her mind to see that both son and mother-in-law respected her henceforth. Now, here she was, on her back, the hated mother-in-law sitting in triumph on top of her, her

fleshy thighs enclosing her face!

But she was not going to give up. Even though Rita was heavier and had had some experience of wrestling, Sonia was younger and she believed fitter.

She would seize an opportunity to free herself the moment Rita released the pressure on her head.

Meanwhile she had to fend off Rita's arguments and threats.

"Do you understand, Sonia?" demanded Rita.

"Understand what?" asked Sonia, playing for time.

"What I have said".

"What have you said?" queried Sonia.

"You know very well what I have said," said Rita, putting an extra squeeze on Sonia's face with her thighs. "I shall decide how we run this house".

"You won't dictate to me", said Sonia. "That's for sure".

"I shall do precisely as I like" retorted Rita. "It's my son's house and I am his mother."

"Yes, and I am his wife," replied Sonia, now sensing that Rita was relaxing her grip on her, more taken up with her dialogue with her daughter-in-law.

"You may be..." said Rita but her sentence was interrupted as Sonia, with one massive arching of her body, toppled her mother-in-law forward over her head. Scrambling through her legs Sonia was now able to force the other woman onto

her face and a few moments later she was sitting on her back as the older woman kicked her legs and tried to free herself by attempting to swivel her body round and round.

"It won't work," gasped Sonia breathlessly. "Now it's my turn, and I've got you where I want you".

"You bitch, you'll never have me where you want me", spat out the older woman, still making a desperate effort to free herself.

Sonia had the situation under control. Rita was face down and therefore in a far worse position than Sonia had been a few minutes earlier. On the other hand Sonia didn't have the pleasure of looking into her face as she humiliated her with words.

"I want an undertaking from you, Rita, that you won't ever interfere between Gerald and me. That's the first thing.

"I'll never let you control my son", gasped Rita.

"I'm not controlling him: I'm stopping you from doing so, and interfering in our relationship", said Sonia quietly, bouncing herself on Rita's back to emphasise her point.

"Aaah!" gasped Rita, her breath taken away by the way Sonia had bounced on her. And then she managed to speak; "No, no, you'll never control my son".

The determination with which she said those words must have inspired her to make



a new physical effort for at that very moment she managed to raise herself by her arms and throw off Sonia.

Both women were on their feet in a moment and battle was renewed.

The struggle continued for a while without either woman gaining a decisive advantage. It was obvious that they were fairly evenly matched, and that even when one or other of them got the upperhand they were unable to sustain it for long. That very morning Rita had straddled Sonia, and Sonia had later turned the tables and straddled her mother-in-law.

When the bell rang, despite their deep hostility, both seized the chance to discontinue the fight, both being somewhat put out by having lost the advantage they had gained.

"We'll continue later", said Rita, making for the door to answer the bell.

"We certainly will", agreed Sonia.

Gerald heard about the fight from his wife. He could see that the situation as a whole was becoming impossible and that something had to be done about it. He attributed Sonia's extraordinary behaviour in denying him sex to the situation created by his mother, but he wasn't sure that he could tackle his mother on the matter; she would simply blame him for having married Sonia in the first place. And he wouldn't like to admit to her that Sonia was now denying him sexual relations.

That night Sonia asked him to repeat the performance of the previous evening. He had to bow down, get on his knees, before her and then lick her legs. She said it was one way of training him to respect her.

At first he resisted but Sonia threatened him with leaving

if he didn't do as she told him.

"In fact, I shall insist that you not only lick my legs but that you shall lick me all over except between my legs, anywhere near my pussy, or near my breasts".

She knew that this would be almost a form of torture for him. He loved her breasts and frequently sucked her nipples; to have to lick her chest while avoiding the wonderful mounds of her breasts that meant so much to him would fill him with dismay and chagrin.

He started with her feet. She made him lick between her toes, then underneath each foot in turn, then gradually working his way up to her knees.

As he continued, licking her thighs, he began to feel an irresistible impulse to bury his head in her crotch and seek out her labia with his tongue. As his mouth got nearer to her sex he gave

way to his impulse, grabbed her by her buttocks, pushed her back onto the bed, and pushed his face into her genitals, starting to tongue her.

Sonia struggled desperately and eventually freed herself.

Her face was crimson with anger by this time and she at once demanded that he should lie on the carpet; if he did not do so she would leave the house at once - and forever.

He had no alternative but to fall in with her demands, and meekly lay on his back on the floor.

Then Sonia went over and sat astride his chest, after which she gradually moved over until she was sitting on his face.

"As you are so keen to get your face between my legs, see if you like this?" she said.

She was almost smothering him with her weight and there was certainly no pleasure in the fact that his face was now enveloped by her thighs. He could not possibly enjoy such an uncomfortable position, his main concern being to breathe. Not only that he thought of his situation as one of the most humiliating possible.

Sonia, to show her contempt for him, took up a magazine and started to read. This went on for some time during which Gerald began to bitterly regret that he had lost control of himself.



When, eventually, Sonia released him from his 'being smothered' position, she told him that the next day he would have to stay away from the office.

"Stay away from the office, why?" he asked.

"I am going to fight your mother and I want the fight to be a real one, conducted according to rules and with someone there as a witness. We shall decide once and for all who rules in this house", said Sonia.

"But you can't wrestle with mother", he gasped. "You just can't."



"Can't I? Well, we've already had two fights. Unhappily they were not conclusive, mainly because we were interrupted. You will be there to see that there are no interruptions and to see that we fight to a finish. Do you understand?" demanded Sonia.

"Well, if you think it is the best way of settling things....." he said hesitantly.

"It is the only way", insisted Sonia. The fight took place next morning, after the lounge had been cleared of almost all its furniture.

Taking a leaf out of Rita's book, this time Sonia also wore a corsetlette and was naked except for that one garment. She could see the advantage of having bare feet, for she remembered how Rita had got her to the floor by kicking her in the stomach - something she could hardly have dared to do had she been wearing high heels - as they had done on their first encounter.

For once Gerald decided to make the most of the situation. If the two women were going to fight then it had better be conducted in a proper manner and according to the rules of the game.

To the surprise of the women therefore he announced that there would be three rounds of three minutes each. If

after that nothing had been settled, the fight would have to be replayed another time.

The two women didn't argue. Both felt confident that three rounds would be enough to settle things one way or another - each, of course, determined that "one way or another" meant in their own favour.

The black corsetletted Sonia made a rush at Rita, who was in a white corsetlette, as soon as Gerald gave the signal to start.

But she didn't manage to get the arm lock on her opponent as she had done the day previously. In the end the two women got into a kind of mutual bear hug, neither able to gain any advantage from it, though Rita for the first time resorted to pulling Sonia's hair.

When they freed themselves they spent the best part of a minute circling round each other until finally Rita managed to trip her opponent. And having done so she was grappling on the floor with her in a matter of seconds.

The two women rolled over and over, neither able to gain any significant advantage, but finally Rita succeeded in getting her legs round Sonia's head, squeezing her between them. Once in this situation it was exceedingly difficult for Sonia to free herself, while, on the other hand, the posture didn't allow Rita to force her opponent to submit.



Gerald looked on horrified to see his wife's face squeezed in the scissors-like grip of his mother's fleshy thighs, but there was nothing he could do about it now that he had agreed to the fight taking place, and especially as it

was he himself that had laid down the rules.

He looked eagerly at his watch as his mother appeared to be putting more and more pressure into her squeeze.

He was relieved to see that the three minutes was just about up and the moment the second hand reached the minute mark he called out "TIME".

When they resumed the fight a few moments later it wasn't long before Rita got the upper hand again, this time finding herself able to straddle her opponent.

She sat well forward on the girl's breasts, enjoying the pneumatic feel of them underneath her, and started to try a shoulder press, doing everything she could to force Sonia's shoulders to the carpet.

But despite her slighter build Sonia was very fit and she was able to resist the pressure of Rita's hands on her shoulders, seeing to it

that at no time were both shoulders on the carpet at the same time. Simultaneously she wriggled as best she could to make Rita's task more difficult and she also attempted to arch her body in an effort to overspill her mother-in-law. But neither Rita nor Sonia achieved their objectives by the time the end of the round was announced by Gerald.

Round three was somewhat desultory and Gerald had time to reflect on the strangeness of the situation. Never would he have thought that it would have come to this; that his mother and his wife should be battling it out for supremacy in his lounge; mother-in-law vs. daughter-in-law. What an extraordinary state of affairs, he thought.

His reflections were interrupted when he saw that for once it looked as though Rita had got the upper hand. She was sitting on Sonia's

face and he could hear muffled cries from under his mother's buttocks.

Despite the rules the sight of his wife in such a hopelessly humiliating posture was too much for him and he at once went over and started to drag his mother from on top of his wife. To his surprise his mother then turned on him, and forgetting Sonia, she leapt on him and dragged him to the floor.

Sonia, seeing what was happening, went to this rescue and a few moments later all three of them were struggling and grappling on the floor, no one apparently able to get the better of the other.

Finally Sonia, with Gerald's help, got the mother onto her back. Sonia straddled her and Gerald, feeling the situation could now take care of itself, went back to his chair to resume his role as umpire.

But time had run short



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and in fairness to his mother he was compelled to call "TIME" just when it looked as if Sonia was on the edge of gaining a submission.

When the fight was over the three of them sat there at a loss to know how things could be resolved. It was a hopeless situation. It seemed that the two women were about an equal match for after three 'bouts' nothing had really been settled.

That evening Sonia told her husband that she was not going to allow him to have sexual relations with her again until she had a full apology from his mother, and until his mother agreed that she would defer to Sonia's wishes in the house.

To make her point more clear she insisted on the smothering operation of the previous evening. By the time Gerald had gone through it all again he was only too ready to fall in with Sonia's wishes and he agreed to tackle his mother the following morning.

Suffice it to say that things have worked out all right in the end. Rita agreed to the terms laid down by her son and for the last week or two she has always deferred to her daughter-in-law's wishes.

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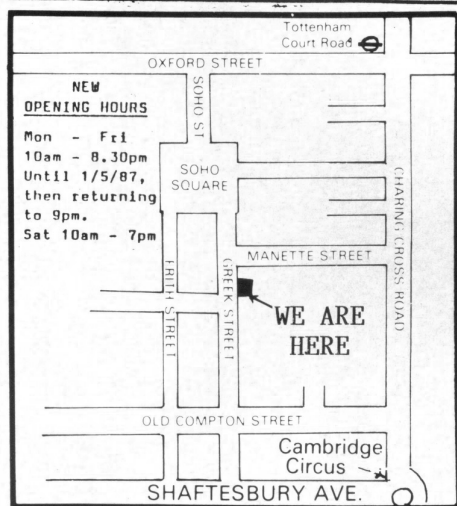
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Yours sincerely,

PAUL WILSON

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JUST FOR A CHANGE

Dear Sir,

I have for a long time been an enthusiastic reader of your magazines, but I have never before written to you as I have never had anything worthwhile to write about. One thing I have always thought to be a great pity is that so many of the letters and reports you include are fantasies and fiction. It is very difficult, sometimes, to distinguish fact from fiction. Quite often, the true stories make the best reading, so I decided I would wait until I had something real to write about before sending a letter to you.

For a long time, I have thought it would be tremendous sport to take part in a nude wrestling match. I have seen, from time to time, reports and letters (mainly fiction, but one or two genuine, I think) in your magazines about chaps indulging in such bouts, but the really big problem has been trying to find a way to contact someone willing to join me in such a match. After all, you can't just walk up to another chap and say "How about stripping off and having a nude wrestling match?" can you. You can lose friends, upset acquaintances, and give all kinds of wrong impressions, very easily, if you're not careful. Anyway, I devised a number of methods (including advertising in various "dodgy" magazines, answering adverts in magazines, and telephoning a few "possibles") to see what could be arranged, but merely suffered a series of disappointments. I had plenty of amusing offers from "gay-boys", which I was by no means interested in. Only twice did I have what sounded genuine offers, but both turned out to be hoaxes. By the start of this November I was getting

quite disheartened - I estimated I had spent about £5 on adverts; £2 on telephone calls; £2 on postage - and all with nothing to show for it.

Then, right out of the blue, I had a letter from a chap who lives about ten miles south of my home, replying to an advertisement I had put in to a "male" magazine way back in July. At first - from bitter experience - I treated the letter with suspicion. Probably another hoaxer or a homosexual, I thought. However, I wrote back offering to meet him one evening for a drink to discuss matters. I live in Oxted, Surrey - the chap had written to me from East Grinstead, Sussex - so I asked him to meet me on "neutral" ground at the "Plough Inn" near Lingfield, which is between our homes. He agreed - and on November 21st I drove to the Plough hopeful, but dubious. We had agreed to meet in the Public Bar at 7.30 - and by 7.40 he had not turned up. Oh dear, I thought, another let down! Then, suddenly, he arrived. We introduced ourselves, bought each other pints, then went out and sat in my car to discuss things (well, you can hardly discuss nude wrestling in a public bar, can you?)

Anyway, to cut out a lot of unnecessary detail, Eric (that is his name) and I agreed to have a go at nude wrestling. Neither of us were, or are, experts, so we accepted that all we could do would be to tussle rather than have a skilled match. However, we both wanted to give it a try - for fun; for kicks; for the experience; just to see what it was like, and to compare with experiences described in your letters and articles. We agreed that he would come to my place on the following Friday and I drove home feeling very pleased and

very excited.

And so, when I got home from work on the 25th, I set to - very happily to get ready for Eric's visit. I had a very light tea; took a shower; moved all the junk from my spare room, leaving it carpeted and curtained but otherwise empty (it is 13' by 12', which I thought would be about right for the match), slipped into clean clothes, and then sat down to await my opponents arrival.

We had agreed to have the match about 7.30, so I expected him a little before that. Quite honestly as the minutes ticked by, I found myself feeling more and more excited at the prospect of the forthcoming match, and if I glanced at my watch once, I glanced at it twenty times. Then, just after 7.15, the doorbell rang, and Eric had arrived.

I showed him the spare room, which he said was fine. We sat in the lounge a few minutes, sipping a small sherry and chatting - finalising our understanding of the simple rules and so on. We had, in fact, decided to keep the rules very simple indeed, with no referee, this was necessary. Basically we would wrestle-tussle-struggle to force one another into submissions, the only breaks would be a minute after each submission. We agreed that the winner would be the first one to score five. We had a "Gentlemen's Agreement" to keep the whole thing good humoured and friendly - that is not to say that it was not to be highly competitive. We would both get stuck in and try like hell to win, but without any animosity or ill-temper.

And so, as 7.30 approached, we arrived at the stage where we were ready to give it a try, so we went into my bedroom and stripped down to our

underpants, then, just in pants, and carrying hand-towels, we went to the spare room. We shook hands, wished each other good luck and went to opposite corners of the room.

At this point, let me just complete the picture by telling you that both Eric and myself are in our 20's (he is a couple of years older than me), we are both around 9½ stones in weight (I am a pound or two heavier), and near enough the same height (him 5'8" and me 5'9"). We are both fair haired and slimly built. Physically, it was a pretty good match. Whether it would work out that way remained to be seen.

We threw our towels down in our corners, then took off our pants and threw them down with the towels, and faced each other, totally nude, across the room. I must say that, at that moment, I was experiencing several feelings

at once. I was full of excited anticipation, at last, at long last, I had achieved an ambition, now I would find out for myself just how it felt to wrestle nude. I was also apprehensive - suppose Eric proved too good for me, and I was on the losing end of a 5-0 shambles! I was also nervous - just how would it all work out? Actually, when we were chatting afterwards, I learned that similar thoughts were going through Eric's mind as well. We were both in the same boat.

One thing I will mention - some of your correspondents have said that they found themselves with erections before their bouts began. All I can say is that these chaps must have been homosexuals or must have been masturbating, because both Eric and I had perfectly normal and relaxed penises at this stage - despite our inner excitement.

I smiled at Eric and said

"Ready?" and he replied "Yes - lets get the show on the road."

We left our corners, moved to the centre of the room, circled warily, then moved in, locked fingers, and the match was on. At first, understandably - we were both extremely cautious, and the opening exchanges could fairly be described as half hearted. With neither of us having any wrestling expertise, we were unable to use throws or expert holds, so it was just a tussle, with bags of effort replacing skill, and both of us improvising as best we could as we tried to gain the upper hand. We locked fingers, gripped wrists, tried to trip one another, fell to the floor and rooled about on the carpet - tried arm holds and leg holds and struggled briskly but ineffectually. We had a wall-clock in the room - the bout started at 7.32 and by 7.35

this will *grip* you in EVERY SENSE



Though weak and dazed, Jim was fighting to the end. He muttered, "NO, NO" and tried to get away, knowing he was through if she got her powerful legs around him.

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we had achieved nothing. The score stayed at 0-0, and neither of us had gained any advantage. (And, incidentally, we still had normal and relaxed penises). As we circled, after a lull, two thoughts were uppermost in my mind - firstly I had at least held my own during the opening exchanges, and secondly, I would have to get stuck in more determinedly if I wanted to gain an initiative. I was also conscious of the fact that the "butterflies" in my stomach had gone, and, no longer being nervous, I was enjoying myself.

The next couple of minutes increased that enjoyment as, determined to be bolder, I launched myself at Eric and brought him down. Determinedly I sat astride him, but he threw me off and got me down on my face, kneeling on me, and trying for a leg hold. I escaped, we came to our feet, then clashed in a bear-hug, bouncing off a wall, and going down on the carpet once again. We rolled about - first him on top, then me, until we finally rolled apart and got to our feet again.

That was better, I thought - it was beginning to liven up nicely now. Already, I had found that wrestling naked was an exhilarating, exciting and wonderfully enjoyable experience. It gave me a feeling of marvellous freedom of movement, difficult to put into words - Eric said later it made him feel "unrestrained and marvellous."

The first score came at 7.39, when I got Eric down on his face, knelt on his back, and twisted one arm (the left, I think) behind his back. He simply couldn't escape and had to say "I submit." So it was 1-0 to me, and I felt really chuffed.

After 7 minutes struggling, we were both sweating, so a minutes break was very welcome.

We rubbed down with our towels, exchanged a few words (we were both thoroughly happy), then once more it was "Ready?" "Yes OK" and off we went again.

The second submission came more quickly than the first, and this time it was Eric who scored. We tussled for a couple of minutes, then (at 7.42 actually) he tripped me up, followed quickly down, grabbed my leg, turned me over on to my front, and bent my leg backwards very painfully. There was no escape and I had to say "I submit." So after 10 minutes, we were back to square one. The score was 1-1.

It was while I was towelling myself down during the minute interval that I realised I no longer a a fully relaxed penis - I did not have, by any means, a full hard erection, but my prick was now sticking out in front of me at right-angles to the floor. I sneaked a look at Eric - yes, it was happening to him too. The sheer excitement of the contest was making it happen, you see - but, I would stress, this was after 10 full minutes of wrestling. It was not a quick occurrence as some of your correspondents would have us believe. Anyway, our short rest over, we resumed the battle.

Now although, I am no author, I am doing my best to convey events - and feelings - as thoroughly, accurately and truthfully as I can, and it must be said that from this point on, the match took on a new aspect. I have discussed this with Eric, and he is generally in agreement with me. We were interested, basically, in wrestling - the sexual side of things had been of no concern. That may sound oddly naive, but it is true, the nudity was freedom and not sexual. But now, despite ourselves, despite our quite

normal heterosexuality, despite our main desire just to get on with the match, we could no longer disregard the fact that there was a sexual element in the proceedings. The excitement of the match - the close contact of our perspiring bodies - the pleasure of the evenly contested scrap, these were combining to build up a sort of semi-sexual thrill in both of us. I cannot explain it too well, but I hope you will get the gist of my meaning. As we wrestled and tussled, we no longer had the calmness and self-control of the earlier part of the bout. Our semi-erect pricks bounced and swayed as we circled one another, and could be felt- warm - large - as we locked together. Eric caught me in a terrible hold to win the third submission, bending me backwards over his knee in a position that really made my back feel as though it would break. He said afterwards it was sheer luck, rather than judgement, that he had trapped me that way, but luck or not, it was very, very effective, and after 13 minutes (7.45) I was 1-2 down. After the towelling down, I put all I had into trying to draw level again, but Eric fought back spiritedly, and the next few minutes of the match were really great. Twice I had him pinned and twice he managed to "bridge" and throw me off. Once I thought I really had him, flattened to the wall, arm locked behind him, but again he wriggled free. Once, too, he tried a boston crab, and I had to strain like blazes to avoid being turned over into what would have been a dead-cert submission. The clock showed 7.51 when I finally got the breakthrough I so desperately needed, and I did it by turning adversity to triumph. Eric had me in a headlock from which

I was stivering to escape, when I managed to grab his wrist and twist free. Still holding his wrist, I twisted him round and pushed him against the wall, face to the wall. Quickly, I put him in a stranglehold, yanked him back, and put my knee in his back. He gasped, struggled briefly, then submitted. Even Stevens again, with the score 2-2.

It was while we were towelling down that Eric commented that, as we had only reached 2-2 after 19 minutes, it might be ages before one of us achieved a score of 5. We were already puffing and panting - we were bathed in perspiration and beginning to feel more than a little weary. We also, now, had almost full erections, and we had to face the fact that, although we were OK so far, ejaculations were a distinct possibility in the not too distant future.

However, once again it was "Ready?" - "Yes OK" and on we went. But this time, we did not get very far. Two incidents changed everything. We had only just started the next round when Eric tried to get me in a stranglehold. He got an arm round my neck and started to pull me backwards, but I twisted free and turned the tables and put a stranglehold on him instead. It was, of course, only a couple of minutes since I had won a submission like this and I tried to repeat the dose. But Eric prevented me from putting my knee in his back by quickly stepping backwards. The wall was close behind me and I came up against it, my back flattened to it. I kept my stranglehold on Eric, but he continued to press back against me to stop me getting leverage - and the effect of this was awful, because my prick slid into his arse. "Quick" I yelled "Break clear." I let him go and he stepped free,

then turned and grinned at me. "That was awkward" he said, "OK now?" I nodded, and we carried on - me very conscious of my now fully erect tool. After about thirty seconds, I tripped Eric and fell on him. He gathered his strength and bridged to try and unseat me, but I didn't fall sideways - instead, I slid forward, still straddling him, with the result that he was in the embarrassing position of having an erect penis and a pair of testicles inches from his face. Eric told me later that, at this point, he felt his cock go poker-rigid, and he yelled "Quick, Alan - get off me." I did so, and we stood, flat footed, face to face, looking at one another. It was quite obvious that we would ejaculate if we attempted to continue. So, by mutual consent, we decided on a 10 minute interval, and went through to the bathroom, took tepid showers, towelled down, then slipped on our underpants for a few minutes, and sat down in armchairs.

It was 8.10 (the interval having extended for about 12 minutes in all) when we went back to the spare room and stripped off to continue. But, this time, we found ourselves in trouble almost right away. After a bit of early skirmishing, the first clash that brought our naked bodies together brought back half-erections, and by 8.13 we were back to big stiff tools with pressure build-up. Once again we had to stop wrestling - which was annoying, as the breaks were spoiling the continuity and detracting from the enjoyment of the contest. It was quite obvious that we would have to ejaculate - either naturally or self-induced - before finishing our fight. I suggested - reluctantly - that maybe we should go to the bathroom again and get

if over and done with. Eric nodded, then suddenly clicked his fingers. "I've got a better idea" he said "Have you have any contraceptives here" I told him I had some Durex Featherlites in my bedroom, and he said why didn't we put on one each and then just wrestle on without worrying. This seemed a very sensible suggestion, so I dug out the Durexes, and we waited until our penises had eased to halfway and then put them on. Then back we went again (8.18) and carried on with the bout.

Now, its very strange how things happen - but with the contraceptives on, the erections returned more slowly! Relieved from any risk of ejaculating on the carpet, or on one another, we were able to relax more, and we were helped by another break (8.20-8.21) following another submission when I got Eric in another stranglehold and he gave in. We then battled on for another submission when I got Eric in another stranglehold and he gave in. We then battled on for another three minutes before Eric got me in another rotten leg-hold, and I had to give in so my lovely 3-2 lead disappeared in a 3-3 scoreline. By now, we had been actually wrestling (stoppages not included) for a total of 28 minutes, and were both, to put it bluntly, bloody knackered. But we towelled down, made sure our Durexes were on tight, and battled gamely on.

Eric was the first to ejaculate. We were locked in a bear-hug, trying to wrestle each other down, with our bodies in very close contact and our cocks absolutely rammed against each other, when Eric suddenly exclaimed "That's it, Alan - I've lost it!" I broke the hold and stepped back and that was my lot too. The sight of Eric filling the reservoir



in his contraceptive was more than I could take, and I ejaculated too. We stood, face to face, hands on knees, and grinned at one another until the spasms subsided.

We then went off again to the bathroom and cleaned ourselves up, then went back yet again to the spare room.

The rest of the bout was, quite honestly, an anti-climax. After ejaculating, a lot of the sparkle had gone out of the match and we were both most dreadfully tired. But we both wanted to win, so we had it out to the bitter end.

It was the 33rd minute of actual combat time when Eric made me submit to another of his damned leg locks. 3-4 down, and dog tired, I could sense defeat. However, I made one last supreme effort to get back into contention and got Eric in another of my strangleholds - but he wouldn't yield and finally got free.

That was my last hope gone, and in the 36th minute he pinned me down firmly and straddled me. There was no way to get him off, so I ceded victory to him 5-3.

To sum up, it was a fabulous evening and, even though I lost, one I will never forget.

I have tried to tell the full story, as it happened - honestly and truthfully. If it is a bit over-long, I'm sorry.

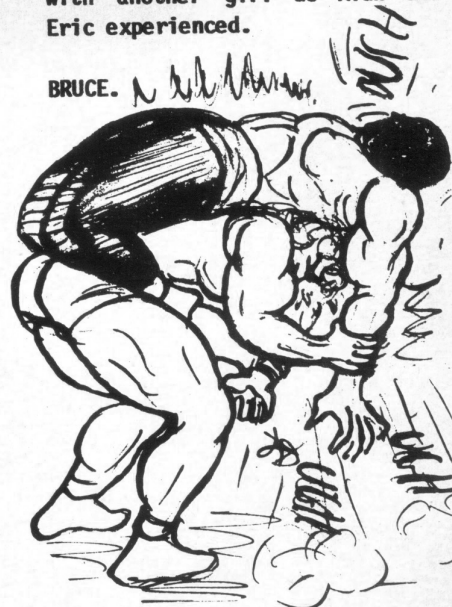
Eric and I plan to have a return match soon - but not too soon, as he is currently (he tells me) hoping to make a new contact - apparently there is a chap in Kent who is interested, and Eric hopes to fix something up with him. Who knows - perhaps we will get a little group going in time!

Best wishes,

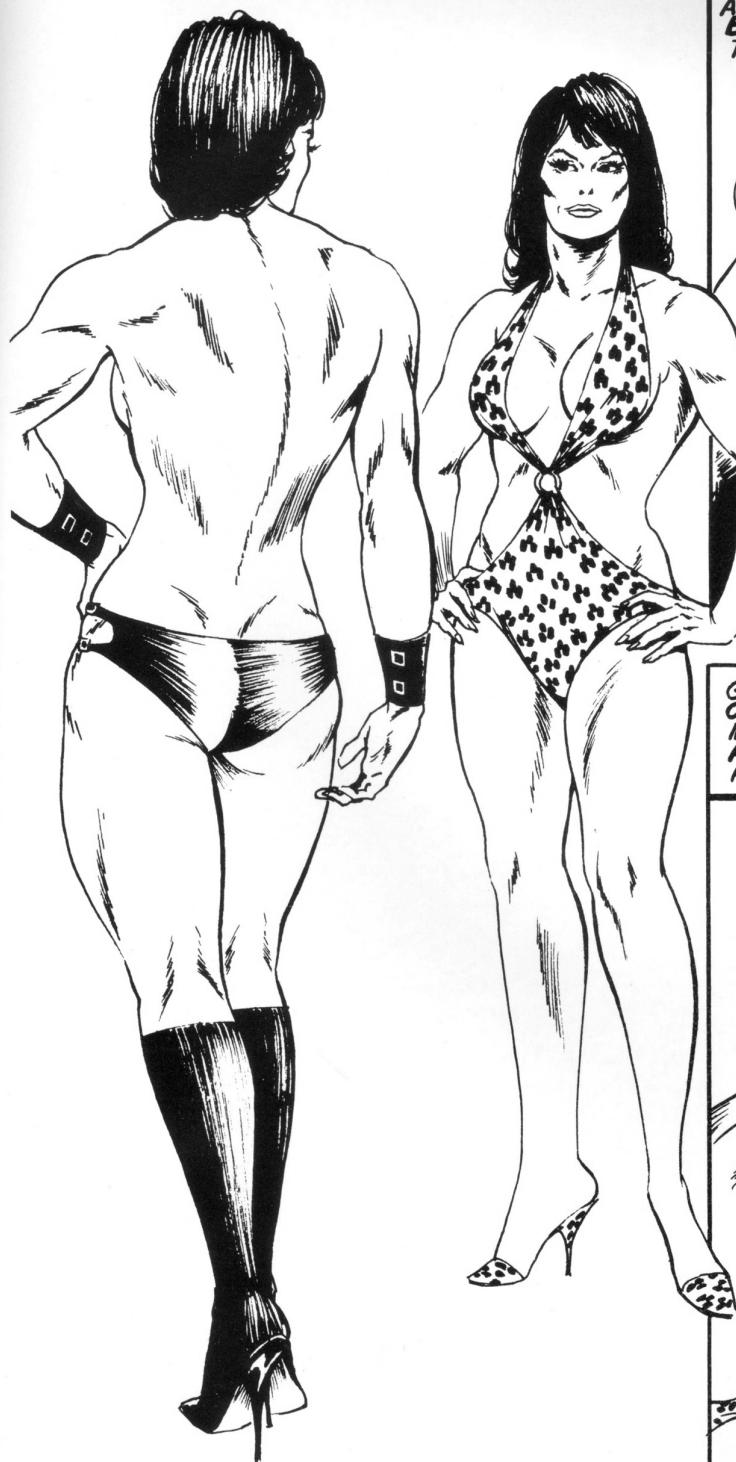
ALAN M.

This long letter from a wrestling enthusiast hardly fits into the format of a fighting GIRLS magazine, but I have included it if only to perhaps persuade some of our lady readers to tell us if they also obtain similar feelings when wrestling with another girl as Alan and Eric experienced.

BRUCE.







AS IF THEY READ EACH OTHER'S MIND, THE TWO AMAZONS REACH OUT AND CLASP HANDS AND BY BRUTE STRENGTH, EACH TRIES TO FORCE THE OTHER TO HER KNEES!



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